Mistris
PARLIAMENT
Brought to Bed of a Monstrous
Childe of Reformation.

With her 7 Yeers Teeming, bitter Pangs, and hard Travaile, that she hath undergone in bringing forth her first-borne, (*being a Precious Babe of Grace.*)

With the cruelty of Mistris London *her Midwife; and great Affection of Mrs.* Synod *her Nurse, Mrs.* Schisme, *Mrs.* Priviledge, *Mrs.* Ordinance, *Mrs.* Universall Toleration, *and Mrs.* Leveller *her* Gossips.

Ring the Bells backwards; lusty bonfires make
Of purest straw that from pist beds you take;
Your musick be the screeking of a Cart,
And your shrill Songs, sound sweeter then a ------
For joy that Mistris *Parliament's* brought a bed;
Pray see the *Issue* of her *Maiden-bead*:
'Tis but 3 half-pence in: The *Sight* will please ye,
And of your *Grief* and *melancholly* ease you.

BY

Mercurius Melancholicus:

Printed in the Yeer of the Saints fear. 1648.

Mrs.

PARLIAMENT BROUGHT TO BED

Of the Precious Babe of

REFORMATION.

The *Parliament* in ſtrong labour is,
pray Women come away,
Leaſt *Reformation* we doe miſs,
alack and well-aday.

Call Miſtris *London* the Mid-wife,
call Miſtris *Lent-all* too,
That if the Firſt can't ſave her life
the laſt may ſee her goe.

Bid *Rainsborough* to Rigg his Sipps
with all convenient ſpeed,
Leſt *Gregory* doe fit his ſlips,
and then wee *Saints* muſt bleed.

Blow, blow ſtrong *Windes*, lend one ſtiff blaſt,
and ſend her quick to hell,
Our miſeries then ſhall ſoon be paſt,
and our ſick land be well.

Enter Mrs. Synod, *an old dry Nurſe.*

RIde, run, goe, with all celerity, and feteh hither Miſtris *London* the Midwife; tell her that Mrs. *Parliament* deſires her to come away preſently, for ſhe is in ſtrong labour, and hath moſt miſerable pangs and throwes that come thick upon her; pray heavens ſhe hath

not taken some fright; I heard her the other day complaine of a *Scotchman*, and of an *Irishman*, and a *Welchmen*; Well, well, 'twas ill done, Ile besworne, to fright a Gentlewoman of her quallity and breeding, one that came of so ancient and Honorable a Family too, as the *Parliaments of England*? Who is it almost that has not known the *Parliaments* to be as honourable as ever was any Family in *England* (next the King, God bless him) and hath done as much good for the Kingdome: and now to be despised by every sause-boxe boy, and loose fellow to make Rimes as they call them, and sing-songs of her, making of her a Whore, and no better then the arranteſt Strumpet that ever went upon two shooes, telling her, that she hath imprisoned her Husband, and prostituted her body to a very *Eunuch*, that had nothing to help himself withall; and since, hath followed the *Camp*, & became an Amunition-W, and turn'd up her tayle to every lowsy *Ill-dependent* Rascall in the *Army*; Sir *Thomas* himself, and king *Cromwall* too, a very Town-Bull, and committed flat fornication with *Broom-men*, *Tinkers*, and *Channell-rakers*, and hath learnt to murder, Rob, take Purses, pick pockets; but she is not the first Woman that hath done amiss, These are but slips occasioned by the weakness of her sex; Ile in and make her a *Spirituall Cawdle* to comfort her weak back; for I promise you, I doubt that she will have but an ill bargain on't. Mrs. Parliament; why Mrs. Parliament I say; how doe ye Mrs. Parliament; Will ye have a little Strong-waters, or a Cawdle to comfort ye?

Mr. *Parl.* Oh sick, sick; I must cast Nurse; pray reach me a bowle: } *hawe* } *hawe.* }....

Nurse. Well said Mistris, fetch it up; up with it: Heaven bless me! What is't that looks so red Mistris?

Mrs. *Parl.* Oh 'tis *Blood*, innocent blood, that hath lain in clodds congealed at my stomack this full 7 yeers; harke how lowd it cryes for vengeance? I never felt it before I came to *Strafford*, onely once since, at *Canterbury*; O *Tombins*, O *Challoner*, *Burley*, &c. too well I understand that you suffered by my cruelty unjust deaths. { *awe.* }

Nurse. 'Tis well tis up; cast againe Mistris.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Parl.* J will Nurſe. {*awe, awe.*} Oh, Oh, my heart is burſt.

Nurſe. Lord Miſtris, What is't that looks ſo yellow? is it Choller?

Mrs. *Parl.* No Nurſe, 'tis *Gold*, accurſed gold; For the love of this J ſold my God, my King, my Soul, committed Sacriledge, murder, and all manner of miſchief. *Awe*.....

Nurſe. What's this Mrs. that looks like Paper?

Mrs. *Par.* Oh Nurſe, theſe are Ordinances, Votes, and Declarations; Pray hold my back hard Nurſe, my heart will ſhiver to pieces elſe. *awe, awe*, ſick ſick.

Nurſe. What's this that comes ſo ſtrongly up? Foh, how it ſtinks all the Kingdome over.

Mrs. *Parl.* Oh Nurſe! This is the accurſed Declaration againſt my King, wherein He is ſo falſely ſlandered and reproach'd; Pray fling ſome hot Embers on't, and make all the haſte you can to call Mrs. *Sedition*, Mrs. *Schiſme*, Mrs. *Toleration*, and Mrs. *Leveller*, tell them, That if they come not preſently, J ſhall miſcarry of the ſweet Babe of *Reformation*, that hath coſt England ſo much money, blood and ſweat.

Nurs. J am gone: Here's the Midwife forſooth, miſtris *London*.

Mrs. *Par.* Oh miſtris *London*, helpe me now or J die; never did Parliament endure ſuch bitter pangs; Oh, oh; J am ready to depart.

Mrs. Lon. Depart in the Devills Name if thou wilt; thou ſhalt have no helpe of mine; J come to laugh at thy ſorrow, more then to helpe thee; thou haſt had too much of my helpe already, and that hath imboldened thee the more to play the Strumpet with ſecurity, and to proſtitute thy Members to all manner of Wickedneſs and Uncleanneſs: No, languiſh ſtill, till thou haſt brought forth the baſtard Iſſue of thy own Luſt thy own ſelf, which was begot in obſcenity, and ſhall be brought forth in iniquity for me; and may it prove as monſtrous in its birth, and as fatall to it ſelf, as it hath been ominous to others...

As

As soon she had made an end of speaking, in came rushing Mrs. *Priviledge*, Mrs. *Ordinance*, Mrs. *Schisme*, Mrs. *Sedition*, and Mrs. *Toleration*, who presently fell about their business; one held her hands, another her back, and a third her members: She being in this grievous agony (having no hopes to scape with life) desired Mrs. *Truth* to indite a bill to have her pray'd for; and that it be speedily sent by the Lord Mayjor to the severall Congregations within every their respective Parishes for her safe Deliverance, which most accurately she penned in form of a Declaration, in these word following.

The Declaration *of* Mrs. Parliament, lying very weak, and in most grievous pangs of child-bearing; and cannot be delivered.

WHatsoever dangers are threatned or feared, either by the great perplexity I am at this present in (or by reason of my manyfold sins that now in my weakness lie heavie upon my Conscience,) yet I have assurance, that if I confess and forsake them, I shall finde mercy;

Therefore I confess and acknowledge (*though not from the bottom of my heart*) that for the space of these 7. Yeers I have been a most cruell murderer, not onely of bodyes but of soules; that I have perjur'd my self, first by my Oath of *Allegiance*, and secondly by my Solemne *Covenant*, wherein (*as in Hos.* 1.9.) I have spoken words *swearing falsly in making a Covenant*; *And now Iudgement springeth up* (against me) *like Hemlock in the furrows of the field*; that I have most trayterously betrayed, and imprisoned my lawfull King, the Anointed of the Lord; that I have corrupted his Lawes, and turned *iudgement to wormwood*; that I have made Gods House and the Kings House a *Den of thieves*; that I have loved wickedness, and practised it; that no fear hath dehorted me from doing any thing (*but justice*) that I have Robbed both God, and the King, and have not feared the one, nor honoured the other; that I have used all manner of Juggings, Cousenage, Contradictions, and Equivocations; that my Religion hath been Rebellion, Murder, and Rapine; that I have, not onely *covetted*, but (by the instigation of the Devil, and

againſt the Lawes of our Soveraign Lord King CHARLES) taken Stole and forceably carried away the Goods and Chattells of many thouſands of his Majeſties Loyall and obedient ſubjects; that I have made this *Canaan* of all happineſs, a *Golgotha*, and field of *Blood*, and yoaked my fellow ſubjects to the pride, tyranny and Opreſſion of my own Luſt, and Ambition; in ſtead of *Reforming* I have *Deformed*, and in ſtead of repairing I have pulled down; Which hath occaſioned all theſe miſeries to fall upon me; My greateſt grief of all being, that I know I have committed all this, and much more, but cannot Repent for the ſame; therefore the ſeverall Miniſters within the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, and the late Lines of Communications, are deſired upon the ſeventh day of *May*, (being *Rogation* Sunday) if I ſhall not be delivered before, to keep a Day of Humiliation, and Prating, that the heavy judgements that ſo inevitably threaten me, may be diverted: That ſo I may ſtill Rule Reigne and Tyrannize over you, *Parliament everlaſting*, Impoſitions, Aſſeſſments and Taxations without end. *Amen.*

Your deſpiſed Friend, Mrs. *TRUTH.*

But in the time this was witing, Miſtris Parliament grew ſtill worſe and worſe, and the good Wives made account ſhe hand been *drawing on*, therefore Miſtis *Priviledge* ſtepped unto her and ſpake as followeth.

Mrs. *Pri.* Dear Daughter, I perceive by thy Pulſe beating, and by ſo much *blood* comming in thy face, that thou art not long liv'd; and it is a queſtion whether the child thou now art in travell with, ever come forth in its right ſhape, or live to receive its Chriſtendom; and although I have been the ſupporter and upholder of thee this 7 yeers day, and Priviledg'd thee in all thy Actions, though contrary to Truth, Religion, Law or Reaſon, yet I cannot priviledge thee from Diſſolution; Therfore I deſire thee to make thy Peace with God, and thy Conſcience, which I perceive is much troubled; next I adviſe thee to reſtore all that thou haſt fraudulently taken away, either from God, thy King, or thy Neighbour, and to repent of thy *Periury*

and

and blod-shed, and heartily bewail thy self for the same, deliver thy Lord and Master out of Prison, and preserve him from the treacherous designes of *Fairfax*, *Cromell*, *Ireton*, *Hammond*, *Rainsbrough*, *Joyce*, &c. (setting the first aside, who is neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring) a company of Schismaticall, broaken, Rakehells, Mechanicks, and loose fellows, that will have no Rule for their lives or Actions and yet must be Lords of Mis-rule, and have the Persons and Estates of a free-bron People at the mercy of their hellish wills; O Mrs. Parliament, here is Mrs. *Schism*, and Mrs. *Sedition* hath too much misled thee, and hath brought thee to all this shame and ignominy that is now justly fallen upon thee, and disgraced both thee, and thy Honouable *House* for ever, and how ugly will it appear in the Chronicles of after times? The Commons House of Parliament (that should be the Fountaine of Justice) a Common Bawdy-house, to prostitute her members to all manner of uncleanness, Murder, Theft, Treason, &c. that shoud be the members of Christ, pure, holy and undefiled, and blameless before *God* and man, which is now hatefull and odious to both; that whosoever, (whether Minister or other) doth but speak truth, or tell you of your faults, must be worried to the death by your Blood-hounds, and *Walker's* bitch *Ione Ruggles*, and the rest of the damn'd crue of Jaylors, Pursuivants, Roagus and Judases, that care not whom they betray for money:------

Whil'st she was speaking, the room was strangely overspread with darkness, the candles went out of themselves, and there was smelt noysome smells, and heard terrible thunderings, intermix'd with wawling of Catts, howling of Doggs, and barking of Wolves; against the windows flew ill-boading shreeteh-Owles, Ravens, and other ominous Birds of night, that strook a great terrour to the hearers; at the same time Mrs. *Parliament*, was miraculously delivered of a *Monster* of a deformed shape, without a head, great goggle eyes, bloody hands growing out of both sides of its devouring panch, under the belly hung a large bagge, and the feet are like the feet of a Beare; if you purpose to see it, you must make haste; for it is now ready to adjourn to a new *Plantation*. *God save the King.*

FINIS.